

THE SUNDAY GLOBE.

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NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

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Globe is an exclusive local publication
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reach the patronage of the Washington
public.

SUNDAY, JUNE 9, 1901.

OUR UNCOMPROMISING CRUSADE
AGAINST PUBLIC CORRUPTION.Under the domination of libertines,
their go-betweens, respectable (?)
thieves and their accomplices, our
Temple of Liberty has been converted
into a den of corruption and rotten-
ness, and The Sunday Globe has no in-
tention of calling a halt upon its re-
lentless crusade until the Anacraen
stables have been cleansed and the pub-
lic service so purified till it ceases to
be a stench to the most sensitive of-
ficials.It is an open secret that the public
service of the United States at Wash-
ington is honeycombed with filth, cor-
ruption and rottenness of every kind
and character, from pilfering steno-
graphy on a small scale and doing a bro-
kerage business in appointing, promot-
ing and transferring incompetents
upon improper considerations, to de-
grading, persecuting and dismissing
persons of honest merit and blameless
character upon considerations founded
solely in backbiting, littleness, lasciv-
ious wantonness, sportive licentious-
ness, sordid selfishness or sneaking chi-
canery that ought to make the hard-
ened features of the veteran criminal
of a thousand convictions blush with
honest shame behind the bars which
protect the great public against his
further depredations.Corruption of every form in public
office should be exposed, that respect-
able (?) thieves may be brought to
the bar of justice; profligates removed;
licentiousness suppressed; lascivious-
ness paralyzed; liars punished;
Libertines held up to public execration,
and prostitutes turned out into the
slums of this wicked world, where they
may follow their nefarious vocations
in the wallow and mire of their own
filth, without leaving the trail of the
serpent upon those of honor, virtue
and respectability, who are associated
with them officially. "The guilty
feet when no man pursueth," and
only those who have a skeleton in their
own closets find fault with the great,
fearless and commendable public ser-
vice which the Sunday Globe is per-
forming, not only for those who are
employed by the Government, without
any stain upon their escutcheons, but
also for those who pay "tithes" to sup-
port a government in the interests of
the people—the honest, self-respecting
and decent people—of the United
States.This crusade is not prompted by a
partisan spirit, and it will not be con-
ducted in that spirit. The Globe has
no quarrel with an honest opponent,
who got into the public service in the
regular and orderly way which the
civil service law and the rules and reg-
ulations thereunder provide, if that
opponent demeans himself properly in
the service of the people, who are pay-
ing him for his public services; but
The Globe has a quarrel with every
one (be he a political friend or a po-
litical foe) who tramples upon the prop-
erties of law, order and good govern-
ment, or helps to bring disgrace upon
the public service and those who are
wrongfully besmirched by moral,
political or legal malfeasance in public
office; and it is not unreasonable for
The Globe to court and confidently re-
ly upon the hearty support of all right-
minded persons, in or out of office,
who are in sympathy with law, order
and good government, which can be
maintained only by the union of hon-
est advocates under one standard, the
suppression of public vice and the dis-
missal of the vicious from public of-
fice. If anyone favors vice in public
office, he has a quarrel with the crusade
which The Globe is conducting; but,
if he is a good citizen and believes in
public purity and honor, he must throw
the weight of his influence upon the
side which The Globe has espoused in
the interest of public decency and civil-
ized government.The attention of financiers is direct-
ed to the Washington Traction Com-
pany's prize conductor, Frederick Engle,
whose method of absorbing the
earnings was both simple and effective.
A little longer and Engle would have
bagged the whole business and given
the board of managers their walking
papers. A genius for "taking what
wasn't his'n" such as Engle disclosed,
would be of prime value to a budding
trust formation. What a pity that such
adhesive ability should have been so
unluckily applied.Do all Members of Congress wear an-
nual passes?

THE CIVIL SERVICE.

Undoubtedly a fair-sized proportion
of the public at large (through hear-
ing members of Congress plead their
inability to favor constituents with
Government plums, both large and
small) are laboring under the errone-
ous impression that all, or nearly all,
Government positions are filled strictly
and solely according to Civil Service
certification; the said certification
being made from the registers of eligi-
bles on file, and according to their
standing. In order to enlighten those
who are in need of it, we will give a
few illustrations as follows:Let us take ten persons who are
going to try for the Stenography and
Typewriter register, and follow them
through. We will say ten of these pass
the examinations (clerical and the two
auxiliaries) with general averages
ranging from 70 (scratch point)
to 90, and these are filed away for
certification when the so-called vacan-
cies exist. So far so good. When
certain of the departments at large
are desperately in need of typewriters
or stenographers they will apply for
eligibles, and the three standing high-
est are certified by the Civil Service
Commission. One or more of those
certified will be accepted, depending
upon the urgency of the case. Now, a
person would naturally suppose that
the rest of these eligibles who have
passed the clerks examination and
have the two auxiliaries, stenography
and typewriting, and are therefore
specially qualified, would be certain of
appointment. But, hold on! Member
such a one has a close friend who
may be able to possibly scratch
through the examination of plain
clerk. Nevertheless he must be gotten
in somehow (through the Civil Ser-
vice if possible), and influence is set
to work. Maybe the party with the
pull (influence) has happened to have
traveled in Alaska to some ex-
tent during the past. All right.
Member such a one has some chief,
big or little, in one of the depart-
ments who claims that he needs a
man who has traveled in Alaska.
Accordingly a special examination
is gotten up with the Civil Service
Commission, and the traveler (?) is
given an advantage weight of fifty
(50) points on his Alaskan knowledge.
Now, almost anybody can easily
make scratch point (70) on the en-
tire examination when given such
odds at the outset—i. e., an allowance
of half the possible rating, and this
half upon the so-called special and
required qualification (?)Again, some other party of influence
wants to work in several friends in a
somewhat similar way, lessening, each
time it is done, the chances of those
who have previously honestly passed
with one or more auxiliaries. Still
again, some party with a pull wants
to work in a lady friend or two. He
gets them appointed as skilled labor-
ers, and obtains entrance through low-
grade examinations. After six months
or more service these ladies can be
transferred to a higher branch of the
classified (?) service, and this trans-
fer is often done without the favorite
being required to make 70, let alone go
through the honest mill of competitive
examination. It is often said that the
requirements (?) of the service neces-
sitate the transfer of the favored one
to a higher position, and, consequently,
all competitive or non-competitive ex-
aminations may go to the devil. Another
way: It is claimed that owing to the
urgency of increased work the service
demands an increase of the force.
Then all the Big Chiefs, and Little
Chiefs, and sub-chiefs, and their
friends get in certain dear relatives
and favorites, etc. This wholesale ap-
pointment is made for ninety days, and
after the time expires another ninety
days, and then another, etc., and finally,
owing to their experience, so it is
said, the requirements of the service
demand their valuable (?) presence,
and the Snivel Service blanket is put
over them and they are all right and
in for life, and to the everlasting detri-
ment of those who have honestly com-
peted; yes, competed through entrance,
or original civil service examinations.
There are many ways of beating the
band, but the illustrations which we
give are ample and sufficient. It is
claimed that some time back, when
Theodore Roosevelt was in the Civil
Service Commission, there was less
chance to make the said commission
an official fence, especially, as regards
entrance to the classified service. Be
that as it may, we know that the pre-
sent civil service has kicked, and kick-
ed rather loud through the columns
of the press, some time back. And
while the civil service acknowledged
the infringements and violations (both
direct and indirect), yet it stated its
inability to put a stop to them. There
is one large and growing evil, how-
ever, and that is nepotism, and where-
ever it exists it is almost universally
a direct infringement and violation of
the simplest principles of the civil
service. It has gotten to be a well
known fact that when a member of a
family gets in the Government service,
one or more persons bearing the same
name (often relatives) are sure to go
and do likewise.

A LITTLE PERSONAL.

The Trades Unionist has manifested
a Carpathian (see Goldsmith) wel-
come to the Sunday Globe since its in-
itial issue. We are accustomed to this
sort of thing from "rats" and parasites,
but certainly not from union printers
and union men. If the managers of
the Trades Unionist see their way
clear, in furtherance of the principles
of organized labor, to nullify a union
newspaper and a man who, in season
and out of season, defended and advo-cated the cause it professes to repre-
sent, why, that is its business, but per-
mit us to say that it is as unwise as it
is extraordinary.When, however, it admits to its col-
umns a scurrilous and a palpably lying
attack upon the Sunday Globe, the only
redeeming feature of which is that it
bears the signature of the writer, the
Trades Unionist becomes guilty of the
very thing it is in existence to prevent,
namely, A deliberate attempt to "rat"
a union office.The matter contained in the commu-
nication of the man, who is
employed by Palmer, Ricketts & Co., is
simply a gauzy disguise or excuse to
rap the Globe and its editor that
"thrift may follow fawning," for what
purist could object, even to the initial
issue of the Sunday Globe, who reads
the daily newspapers and their mes-
sage parlor, Penny Royal pills, and
more suggestively filthy sexual adver-
tisements?The Sunday Globe could be read
from the pulpit by a genuine follower
or minister of the Founder of Chris-
tianity. How many newspapers in this
city could stand such a test? To what
vice does the Globe cater? Whose in-
famous business does it advertise?We should think that projectors of
union newspapers in Washington suf-
fer enough in being able to enforce no
other penalty than the discharge of
the printer who fails to correct his
proof sheet. See the first few issues
of the Globe. Must we, in addition, be
subjected to the hostile attempts of
a trade union paper to injure our prop-
erty by the circulation among its read-
ers of a gross and obscene lie? And
are we expected to remain silent or
turn the other cheek?Thy "servant is not a dog that he's
do such a thing." As the linotype is
the refuge of the publisher who had
been compelled to bow low to the
tramp printer, in the natural order of
progression, the rat office may be wel-
comed by the union paper when driven
out by the blaguardism of sycophants
who, to please their inflated Govern-
ment bosses, disport themselves in the
columns of an organ of the allied
trades unions of the city in which it
is printed. We lick no hands that
strike us, even though they are brand-
ed trade unionists, nor shall we suffer
insult tamely from this or any other
source.

DECLINE OF COMIC OPERA.

Unmistakable indications point to
speedy effacement from the stage of
that conglomeration of stultifying
farce, meaningless spectacle and more
or less agreeable music, labeled
"comic opera," with which we have
been surfeited for the past twenty odd
years. This species of managerie fake-
man was the outcome of Parisian
opera bouffe, as originated by the ge-
nius of Offenbach, and the clever, sat-
irical compositions of Gilbert and Sul-
livan. Each of these widely different
paths of lyric comedy led through un-
trodden fields and pastures new, and
the public joyously entered the invit-
ing domains of fancy thus thrown
open for their amusement. Following
close upon the heels of these pioneers
came the pack of plagiarists and fak-
irs, with now and then a talented, hon-
est disciple. But most of the stuff and
nonsense presented since the Offen-
bach and the Gilbert and Sullivan pe-
riods, in the guise of lyric comedy,
has been villainous indeed, mere ve-
hicles for mountebanking and lessons
in lechery. The same depths of lit-
erary and spectacular depravity which
were reached in this land of the free
and easy were not sounded in England,
partly through the innate dullness of
the British librettists, but mainly
through their wholesome fear of the
Lord Chamberlain's rigid censorship.
Not having any other censorial system
to combat than that afforded by an
easily "influenced" set of critics, Amer-
ican managerial jollifiers have indulged
their freak comedians to the limits of
decency in buffoonry, while inviting
their salaried writers to supply
"books" whose suggestive lines and sit-
uations would bring a blush to the
hardened cheek of a Tenderloin "cop-
per."Of this sort of unsavory and unpal-
atable hodge-podge the sensible public
have had more than enough. The tide
has turned. The force of Lincolnian
apophorism: "You can't fool all the
people all the time" is being vigorously
demonstrated. American audiences ap-
preciate fun, but they want it to be
clean as well as clever.
Some of our most conspicuous man-
agers are being taught the lesson and
are paying dearly for the tuition.
Light opera of the style and quality
heretofore referred to is rapidly evapor-
ing. In another year (blessed year!)
there will not be a smell of it beyond
the confines of the Coney Island Bow-
ery.Gen. Kitchener, "the butcher of the
Soudan," is a war bulletinist of the
Caesar or Perry kind for brevity and
lack of details, although slightly (?)
differing from those two great vic-
tors in his achievements. Kitchener
has a battle in which he is licked out
of his boots and he thus "bulletins":
"The Boers were repulsed and
driven off, leaving thirty-five dead in
our hands. I regret to state our losses
were 174 rank and file killed and
wounded, and five officers killed, and
one subsequently died of his wounds."This was a great victory for the Eng-
lish, when five Johnny Bulls bit the
dust to one Dutchman.
The simple truth, of course, was that
the Dutchmen whipped the Britishers
one to five, and having accomplished
that easy feat, when the battle was
over marched off to whip another sec-
tion of Bulls, before reinforcements ar-
rived to aid the first contingent.

Kitchener reports: "A desperate

battle in which the British surrendered
to an overwhelming force of the en-
emy. The casualties on the British side
were three killed and less than twelve
wounded."What do the old G. A. R. veterans
think of that as an exhibition of Brit-
ish valor and desperate fighting? It
must have been a sanguinary engage-
ment, the British fighting behind the
fortifications of a town, surrender after
losing three or four men, and instead
of Kitchener shooting the commander
and decimating his command, as a
warning to cowards, he writes home
the bulletin quoted.The fact of the matter is, the Post
notwithstanding, the British soldier is
not "as gallant and devoted as the sol-
diers of any other nation." And the
Boers have demonstrated that fact.The Sunday Globe invites the public
to make use of its columns freely, and
all communications will be given the
utmost consideration and space at our
disposal. The present issue, however,
has been so overcrowded with favors
of this character that many of the
latest contributions received are omit-
ted and will have to go over until our
next issue, notably one from "Honest
Injun" et al. The lady contributor on
Mrs. Bonine's case is respectfully ad-
monished that the ground has been
fully covered and that while The Globe
agrees with her deductions, except
probably in involving Miss Minas in
the matter, as she puts it, we must
omit her valued favor for want of
space.Correspondents will oblige us by
writing on one side of the paper only,
and make their communications as
brief as the nature of the subject will
permit.Prof. McFadden, the new Apostle of
Health, advises "throwing physics
to the dogs" and putting the undertaker
on ice. He might, with equal reason,
inaugurate a crusade against the . . .
beefsteak cooks who are allowed to serve
us with indigestible dishes and to care-
fully destroy nature's ample provision
for man's sustenance. Kick out the
Counterfeit Cook and the Doctor will
find "his occupation gone." The in-
dian was healthy until he allowed the
pale face to fool with his stomach.The justly esteemed Post is not
above pointing the way to the den of
the Masseurs and the abode of the card
reader. Perhaps the Post needs the
magnetic treatment to stimulate its
circulation and consults the oracle for
exclusive news.The Globe thanks its friend in the
Postoffice Department for the infor-
mation contained in a foolscap sheet of
paper, written on both sides. It will
come in handy further along, but we
suggest that all future favors be writ-
ten on only one side of the sheet.Did our estimable Chief Magistrate
travel on a pass or a Charity Ticket?
Which was it? And whichever it
was, why?I. Who collects the general rent for
the B. & P. (Sixth st.) station?
II. What does he do with it, when
collected?Hearst's Long Distance reporters,
now girdling the globe, will find their
assignments quite hospitable, if al-
lowed to charge for "space" covered.The trouble in China being over, the
missionaries will have to start a fresh
mess.Uncle Sam.—What the Supreme
Court says Goes! See?Lady Applicant for Hotel Accommo-
dation.—Is there a fire escape on the
floor referred to?Clerk.—Certainly. But you are not
obliged to wait for a fire. You can
use it any time, if you feel hot.Our urgent need now is for a tri-
bunal to determine the meanings of
the Supreme Court's decisions.The Trusts are examining the sam-
ples available for the national handi-
cap stakes in 1904. The general im-
pression is that Any Old Plug will do.J. P. Morgan is not particular what
the Game may be so long as he has the
Deal.Some of the Shorn Lambs in Wall
Street look rather Sheepish.Wanted.—Another dollar. Apply to
R. Sage, N. Y.Willie Hearst's method of Getting
Around The World must be disturbing
to Joe Pulitzer's center of gravity.

Wanted Badly.—A swell novel.

Having partially recovered from the
Yellow Pine scare, Europe is again un-
dergoing a paroxysm of fear from the
apparition of the Red, White and Blue
angel of commercial invasion.Andy Carnegie didn't give so much
as a piece of his mind last week to
anybody.The Dawn of Freedom appears some-
what hazy to the Cubans.Our insular possessions may feel the
Stripes but must not wear the Stars
of independence.A Pocket Opinion.—The Supreme
Court's Porto Rican conclusion.Thank heaven! the United States
have inherited a Tough Constitution
that can stand any political climate.The experienced Summer Boarder is
now carefully studying where not to
go.Small Hotel Clerk.—Jackson, what
did No. 13 want?Bell Boy.—He didn't say, sir, but I
guess he wanted a coroner.

HERE IS OUR ANSWER

To Victorine Alexander's Libel Suit
Hiding Castle & Co.

GOVERNMENT DARED TO INDICT.

A Fixed-Up Scheme to "Bluff" and the Bluff
Called by the Editor of The Globe—Grand
Jury Respectfully Requested to Find a True
Bill, and The Globe Spelling for a Fight in
Open Court—Public will see who Flukes.Tuesday morning last the editor of
The Globe was bound over to the
Grand Jury in the sum of \$500, to an-
swer the charge of libelling Mrs.
Victorine Alexander, a clerk in ex-
amined Castle's department. The
Globe cannot believe that Justice Scott
is as ignorant of the law as his judi-
cial decision in this case would im-
plicate. It is true the legal talents re-
quired to qualify a man for the police
bench are not necessarily of a high
order, but at least common sense
ought to be one of the requirements.
Here is a woman entirely unknown to
the editor of The Globe, who claims
that the initials V. A. mean her, and
that an article designed, worded and
printed with the express purpose of
exposing the favoritism prevailing in
the two divisions of the department,
known as A and C, of which a man
named Johnson is chief, was a libel on
her, because it contained a hypo-
thetical question in which "Mrs. V.
A. was accused (?) of tickling disbur-
sing clerk Holman under the chin."Of course an intelligent public
needs no diagram to see the object of
the arrest. The lady was either co-
erced, or voluntarily assumed the role
of the injured party to please her
chief, the intention being to secure
the bonding of the editor to the
Grand Jury, and thus muzzle or in-
timidate him from exposing the rotten-
ness in Castle's department. Neither
Castle, Johnson, or Holman have the
remotest idea of securing the indict-
ment of the editor, much less his trial
to a jury. In fact, they will now use
their "pull" to prevent indictment and
trial, and thus save the mismanage-
ment of the department from a rak-
ing public exposure. It was quite nat-
ural that the chattering little tax
eater in whose presence Johnson in-
sulted, with impunity, an officer of his
court, should sympathize with the
gang from the Auditor's Department,
and that Muldowney, the coon prosecu-
tor, should bray in assinine stu-
pidity when a white gentleman ap-
pears in the dock of his black-and-
tan bear garden. But that on such a
flimsy pretense of libel a citizen,
with the titular dignity of "Judge,"
should, after forty-eight hours reflec-
tion, bind a man over to the Grand
Jury, is almost beyond belief. Nei-
ther Scott nor Muldowney, if they
know a little bit of law, believe a con-
viction is possible even in the District
of Columbia on any such a trumped-
up and gauzy case as that presented
by Castle, Johnson & Co, through
their obedient subordinate, Mrs. Vi-
ctorine Alexander. However, now that
Justice Scott has seen fit to torture an
article on Castle and Johnson into a
libel on a woman clerk, the editor of
The Globe will endeavor to boost the
thing along, and bring it to a speedy
issue. With that intention only and
solely in view, we thus address the
Grand Jury now sitting:"Gentlemen: The editor of The Sun-
day Globe deliberately and sincerely
request your honorable body to indict
him on the case sent up from Justice
Scott's court, for the following rea-
sons:
"1. In the interests of law and or-
der, and public morality.
"2. That the rottenness in the
Sixth Auditor's Department of the
Treasury may be exposed in a court of
justice, to the end that reformation
in the same may be effected.
"3. That the editor of The Globe
may be given opportunity to establish
not only the truth of the allegations
against Castle and Johnson, but also
present facts in his possession which
have not been published, and which
show beyond a shadow of a doubt the
unfitness of these officials for the po-
sitions they hold."Now, if the Grand Jury ignores this
appeal, the public will know that its
members have been influenced by per-
sons who do not wish to come into
court, and have their records and his-
tories shown up. The editor of The
Globe is ready for a fight, and if he
has libeled anybody, he is ready and
willing to pay the penalty. We scorn
mercy, compromise, or any attempt to
dodge the square issue. Either we
have libelled Mrs. Alexander, or we
have not. The Grand Jury will bear
in mind that Judge Scott and Prose-
cutor Muldowney think we have. If
these two officials know the law they
are paid to administer, then the Grand
Jury is morally bound by their opin-
ion to bring in a true bill against the
editor of The Globe. We want no
dodging of this question, and we in-
sist on an indictment in vindication
of Scott and Muldowney's legal
knowledge of what constitutes a libel,
and in justice to the plaintiff, who
swears she is injured in character by
the publication of the article.We promise the members of the
Grand Jury that their action will be
more than justified when we are
through with the trial of the Sixth
Auditor, his chiefs, and subordinates,
male and female. We have been in-
vited into court by this gang of im-
pudent public servants, and we ask theGrand Jury not to aid them in with-
drawing the invitation. Find the in-
dictment, gentlemen, and, as the hun-
ter said when face to face with the
grizzly, "Oh, Lord, if you won't help
me, don't help the bear, and you will
see the 'purliest' fight you ever saw."
Do not, gentlemen of the Grand Jury,
help the bear in this case, but find
a bill, and the editor of The Globe will
do the rest.The evidence in our possession
trends not only to show up the rotten-
ness of the Sixth Auditor's Depart-
ment along the lines charged in The
Globe, but it also establishes the fact
that the conspiracy to arrest the editor
and bind him over to the Grand Jury,
intending to have the matter end there,
was all arranged for the accused gang
behind this woman, Alexander. We do
not believe that the Grand Jury will
lead itself to any scheme to cover up
the rottenness in the Government de-
partments exposed in these columns.
We want a trial, and protest against
being smothered. Let daylight shine
in on the dark places in Castle's de-
partment, and give The Globe the op-
portunity of a public trial, to estab-
lish its charges of nepotism, and favo-
ritism, and violations of the letter and
spirit of the Civil Service Law, besides
numerous other violations of not only
the legal, but the moral law and com-
mandments.Let The Globe's editor be indicted—
we dare and defy the Government to
bring us to trial in open court, where
our side of the case can be presented
for public as well as legal judgment.
This business of arresting editors
for libel to muzzle their pens, or stig-
mate them from exposing wrongdoing,
has a sympathetic ally in Prosecutor
Muldowney, on the natural theory that
"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous
kind."The Globe will not hesitate
to bring us to trial in open court, where
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"a fellow feeling makes us wondrous
kind."We are loaded for Mr. Castle, Mr.
Johnson, and Mr. Holman, and we do
not want to be denied the pleasure
and profit of a fair field and no favors.
When our side will be given an airing
before a trial jury in open court.
These individuals and their tools, male
or female, will find a vast difference
in a trial of this character to the ex-
parte one before Scott, wherein only
their side was permitted to disport it-
self and blasp and swear to anything
their consciences (?) and interests
prompted or demanded. In a trial of
the issues made in The Globe's article,
we will have the legal right and oppor-
tunity to establish their truth; and, if
we fail to prove the allegations there-
in contained, and much more serious
and damaging matters which have not
yet seen the light of print, we shall
take our medicine like a little man,
and smile with contempt at the artifi-
cial terrors of shock-headed Mul-
downey, and "me too" little Scott.
And, by the way, The Globe would
like to know what necessity exists for
Judge Scott's position of Police Judge?
Muldowney informed the writer and
his counsel previous to appearing be-
fore Judge Scott, on Tuesday last, that
we would be bound over to a jury of
\$500, and admonished us to secure
bond by 2 o'clock p. m. We subse-
quently entered Judge Scott's court
room, and the farce was gone through
with by Muldowney of formally, and
without a grin, asking His Honor
for a decision in the case. Where-
upon the Judge echoed Muldowney's
previously-rendered decision of \$500
bond to the Grand Jury! This struck
us as something ludicrous, and caused
the mental inquiry, "Where is the ne-
cessity for Scott; Muldowney is the
whole thing?"

His Imperial "I."

Major William Telford, of Columbus,
O., is this State's most prominent
and aggressive claims growing out of the civil
and Spanish wars against the Government.
The Major has enjoyed this sinecure as
long as we know him and previous
thereto.It is over thirty years since we first
came between the wind and his nobility.
He is at present in Washington, he says,
"on private business," but The Globe
knows William.Meeting him on the Avenue last night
the following running interview was
had:
"Back again, Major?""No, haven't been away. Have pri-
vate business, you know. Very slow up
at Controller's office, but spend a few
up there, so I will make Trace-
well next President if I could.""What's your 'graff' now, Major?"
"Oh, not much, but I am dead tired
of hanging on. I'm a sucker, though.
You know me, hump. Told the boss
up there to take a swig too.""What is it Major?"
"He asked me if I was tired waiting,
and I said no, but that his question
reminded me of a story.""Yes, you see there was a couple
sparking and, as usual, they were trying
to crowd eight days into each week. The
fellow was slim and the gal was stout—
some two hundred. She caught in his
lap this evening, as usual, and feeling
comfortable overstayed her time. Fi-
nally noticing the distressed look in her
lover's face after holding him down for
two solid hours she asked:"Are you tired, lucky?"
"No, honey, not a bit. I was an
hour ago, but I am numb now.""Did Tracewell see the point?"
"Did he? He is laughing yet. Say,
don't publish this. Put something in
about Frank Wilson and let me off." And
the Major reluctantly let go The Globe's
man's coat tails. The Frank Wilson he
wanted touched up is another emigrant
from Ohio's capital, and when he reads
this the Major will have to hunt a hole.
Our voice is always for peace.Hence, this paragraph about ex-Con-
gressman "Kemp" Watson, whom John
J. Lentz beat for Congress."Kemp is a funny fellow," whispered
the Major. "He thought he ought to
have been made Judge instead of Ander-
son, but the best of the joke is, he didn't
know until I informed him yesterday
that Mr. Anderson had been appointed
Judge, and his comment was 'don't that
beat the deuce?'"

W. H. D.

NAT GOODWIN.

His Shylock Short of Jew Shake-
speare Coined.Alice Nielson is reported to have
accepted a contract from Charles Froh-
man to begin next fall.Sensational fakirs are doubtless
studying the possibilities of a new
and up-to-date Lady Macbeth in the
event of an escape from the toils of
Justice on the part of our present lead-
ing lady criminal.Henry Wolfson will direct the
American tour of Josef Hofmann, the
young pianist, next season. The con-
tract is for fifty concerts in the prin-
cipal cities.Nat Goodwin took a shy at Shylock
recently at the National Theatre, in
presence of an audience of well wish-
ers, who appreciate him as a come-
dian and who were not unwilling to
aid and abet him in this his first at-
tempt to break into Shakespeare.The gentlemen who counted up the
receipts said the performance was
great.The box office is the most influential
critic now-a-days. Perhaps Mr. Good-
win's was not quite the Jew that
Shakespeare drew, but it carried coin
to the ticket vender, and what more
could star or manager desire?His make-up was artistic and de-
ceptive enough to fool